bereted assertion has such power, that most of us are ready to admit without protest that the ant aighteenth century, for instance, achieved erary glory to which our poor age can never es to attain. But, while manners have changed, society has not degenerated; literary ms and expressions have become modified. but sterature is not decadent. The nineteenth ary is a great one, and it will be considered arkable not only for the immense strides have been made by science and material process, but also for its art, its literature, and

the social life.

Among the numerous volumes of memoir which have recently appeared, rivalling to inat in their way the memoirs of Mme. de Remnast and of the Princo de Metternich, are h so of Alphones Karr. He calls them his log-book, Le Liure de Bord. The pubation has just reached the third volume, and may go on through a dozen more volumes, for has lived a long and not uneventful life. divided between literature and horticulture. A phones Karr was once compared by Gozlan the hawthorn that is used for hedges; it is a wild knotty, rough, thorny tree, but on it bloom sowers which are wild, too, but which are fresh and sweet smelling. After an unhappy youth, Figure in 1830, and remained for some years a egular journalist until his independent chararter led him to publish a little pamphlet written novels which were and still are ous, and in his retreat at Saint-Raphael the shores of the Mediterranean, while diling his time between tending his roses and watching the sea, he has become a sharp and put niways genial social philosopher. Karr's most striking qualities are frankness and honplayed these qualities in the brilliant series of philosophical and satirical comments on men things called Les Guepes, by which, perhall he is best known. But if events have often led him to be bitter and disagreeable in his Guepes, he is no loss often bitter and disagreeable in his memoirs, especially in the first two volumes. We would, indeed, almost recommond the reader to begin with the third vol um which contains less bile and more pleasum, which contains uses but and more pleas-ing reminiscences. But enough a bout Karr; in the majority of those who will read these pamotrs, the author will be the least interest-ing personage talked about.

Kurr gives us some interesting details about the dress of some of the celebrities of 1830.

borr gives us some interesting details about ourses of some of the celebrities of 1830, ien there was an attempted insurrection must the tyranny of usages and modes and anothe bourgeois, as they were contemptively called. The chiefs of the Romantic tool and especially their followers, both in ming and in literature, tried to revive the reostume of the time of Louis XIII. It was at that Theophile Gautier exhibited, at the representation of Victor Hugo's "Herrithat famous scarlet satin doublet which ad such an important part in the history of time. It was then that Pierre Borel called soil Petrus lo Lycanthrope. The horder Hohemians who afterward became celebrated in literature, Gautier, Ourtigrand de Narval, Louis Boulandett, used to live almost in common a heap of old half-ruized houses, which have disappeared on the Piace du Carrousel, ed the Rue du Doyenné. The street I may has been described by Bainca in La Constitute. The members of this constitute and the state of the second the second control of the street. The members of this conacte proceed the most profound distant for a soil the state of the stat has been described by Bairne in the Bette. The members of this cenacle pro-al the most profound disdain for saiable the most profound the words same to the wrote somets and a most proceed they wrote some and ent literature; they wrote some is and und exclast; by way of rollation they if Hugolatry, or the built of Victor Hugo, ed of the bourgeois. I have often by an loss of the venerable survivors of this school fee ribe the strange habits of their youth, pabils which alternated between more than ise tie frugality and luxury, reminding one of the spiendor of Ahauerus and Sardanspalus. Their costume was distinguished by knee precedes, doublats, Toledo dagners, pointed beards, and Merovingian locks. Among other whims of the cenacie of the line du Doycane I may nention the rehabilitation of rod hair and of robust women, such as Rubens lovest to paint. Louis Boulanger, who by the way, painted the best portrait that we have of victor Hugo as a young man, exhibited at the Balou one year a picture called the "Noces de Gamachea," in which there were one hundred and sixty or eighty flavores. Spanish mensud women, all blond or red haired. Two of the great men of the Romantic school, Victor Hugo and Dumas, did not indulge in these varantes of dress. Victor Hugo, by the way, was, it must be remembered, a supporter of the old scime; it was not until 1852 that he became the forcent Republican he now is. In 1830, Victor Hugo was suincently respectable, although he was at the head of a literary revolution. As far as dress was concerned, he always managed to be five years behind the times, and he still were several years after they had been abantoned, regetop trousers entee as to spread over the insten, and head down in position by steal shains under the soles.

seek in the new order of things the court-whent of what the Revolution had taken away from him. He thorsfore caused kinself to be elected Deputy, and in a declaration of fath which has remained fameus he pronounced clearly and resolutely in favor of the Conservative resultion, the respublic of the Left Centre of that time. This republic fand however, one great defect in Victor Hugo's eyes namely, that the flest place in it was occupied and occupied brilliantly, by Lamarine, who showed in it great elevation of mind and intend ocurage. Victor Hugo had so long sufficed with pleasure the incense offered to the sovereign master of the Bomantic action that he could not accept a secondary position, even in a different sphere. This indeed, is a carious feature of Victor Hugo's life; from the moment when Chalcaubriand obrishend him "onfant sublime," in the saion of Mmc. Récamber, down to the preamt hour, he has always been an idol shut up in a sanctuary, as Taine said in his recent apeach at the Academy. In politics, perhaps he has played the part of Jupiter the Thunderer less successfully than in literature; the modern radicals look upon him as an impractical and not rarely an emparaseing ornament of their party. However, after 1548, Victor Hugo, with his two sons and with Augusto Vacquerie, who married Léopoldine Hugo, and who was drowned with her at Villequier, founded a newscapper called the Estatement. Hugo did not extensibly write in this journal, bather to the history are in this journal, bather to the history and hard of anarchy, tender and personnel love of the becopie." Alphonae Karr has devoted a chapter to the history and hard of anarchy, tender and personnel love of the properties of the Prince against the owner when were an approximative of the Prince and more afternative or the first source. President on assessment became before the election of Ling fernance of the Prince and the properties of the Prince and the properties of the Prince and the properties of the Prince and more alarry to the properties of one of the richest literary men who ever lived—
"the public loves the smell of a book that has been burnt by authority of justice. They are solid very dear, and it is worth while to run the risks."

THE WEAVER BILL. The Case of the Friends of this Measure Ably

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: I have

been a reader of The Sun for years, and know it has always favored a full and free discussion of all public questions. There is a measure now before Congress which is receiving more and more notice every week, and in which nearly every Union soldier of the late war together with the families of deceased soldiers. are interested. This is the Weaver bill; and it is so slurred and misrepresented by those who are opposing it, that I respectfully ask permission to show the weak and untruthful character of this opposition. Mr. Weaver's proposition is simply to pay the soldiers and saliers of the late war the difference between the value of the greenbacks they received for their services and the value of good at the time of such payment. Every one knows that Government contractors raised the price of supplies even laster than the greenbacks depreciated. Every one knows that they paid for their abor, and for the material which they manufactured or handled, with greenbacks; and then sold for the same kind of money at a good, often a very large profit. Every one knows they were as safe at that time from personal harm or pecuniary loss as they ever were, and that to them the var was a golden opportunity for large and profitable trade. sion to show the weak and untruthful character profitable trade.

Now, I ask, were the soldiers placed in these same conditions? Could they raise their wages at every marked decline of greenbacks? Was not their stock in trade—their muscle, their contrage, their health, their lives—of greater value than the merchandise of the contractor? value than the merchandise of the contractor?

Could they always be sure of a good bed and a
full stomach? On the other hand, did they not
often suffer from the dishonesty of those very
contractors, in shoulty clothing, and damaged
rations, sometimes no rations at all? If so, is it
not infamous to make this comparison? Is it
not an insult to the soldiers?

I think one reason for the opposition of Eastern lawyers, newspapers, politicians, Generals,
and members of Compress to this bull is the fact

one afterward of a literary revolution. As of the control of the c

THE SUN, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY

To that portion of Kansas known as the Golden Belt, the lightning rod men of the earth some little town, they build stables, including room for the storage of their wagons and rods. From this town as a cert they spread out familike and scour the land. None are in so humble a house as to escape their notice; none so rich as to be secure from their annoyance, Boltly they travol among a people rendered irritable and savage by the hard conditions nature imposes on life in the Golden Belt. A sketch of farm life in Kansas, to show the spiritual condition of the men these lightning red invalers boildy go among, will give a better ridea of their residues courage than anything else. I will give my own experience, It has been the experience of thousands.

Kansas has been divided by the State Board of Agriculture into three belts. The first, or Easiern Belt, has an average annual rainfail of about thirty-siz inches. The second the Golden Belt, and the relation of my experience and such as the second three services of the second gently from the southeast, then swinging to and fro like the pendulum of a clock between the outheast and south. The temperature of the air increased gradually until the refreshing qualities of the breeze were lost. By noon I noticed that the vibrations of the line of blow now swung from the south to the southwest, no longer vibrating into the east. That afternoon, about 4 o'clock, the wind, with a furious gust, steaded itself, and the pendulum of the wind clock ceased to swing. The wind was blowing strongly from the southwest by south, and the overlapping of their zone by the southwest trade winds of the Pacific Ocean was an accomplished fact.

For a few days I was not alarmed, though

the wind blew steadily day and night growing constantly hotter and hotter. One day I placed my hand on a marble table in a darkened room. The marble was warm to my hand. Then I knew it was hot. I saw that the corn leaves were "rolling" from the great heat, and at last I was thoroughly alarmed. Day after day the sun rose blood-red. The air got hazy. The wind became drier, ever drier. and its capacity for the absorption of moisture was actually sponge-like, and its relentless pursuit of it can only be likened to the chase of a fox by hounds. Wherever found, the baked mud bottoms of what had once been water pools announced in checkered hieroglyphics that the thirsty southwest wind had drunk their waters. The corn dried up. The withered leaves were soon whipped into dust and added to the denseness of the haze. The stalks dried up and stood as monuments over my dead hopes. The heated air rushed over us day and night for six weeks. The grass on the prairie turned brown. The cattle left the hills and came to the valleys to drink, at the stagmant pools, all that remained of the rivers. Such young cattle as stayed died of the murraln. Early June in 1876. The wheat plants were

large and strong, apparently out of danger. Now began the period of my greatest anxiety. I looked earnostly at all clouds that arose in the west. If there was the slightest tings of pink in them I werried and fretted until the storm had passed. Hall is indicated by the pinkish tinge, and though hall always moves in streaks. every farmer fears that his wheat will be in the streak. With my usual luck I have had experience of hall. I had been to the blacksmith shop to get some needed repairs made on a corn cultivator. As I was driving slowly home my little son called my attention to a strange, angrylooking cloud that hung in the northwest; a dark cloud that almost touched the horizon, but not quite, as I could see a norrow line of blue under it. Looking carefully I made out a hure waterspout far off to the northwest. Stopping the team I gazed intently at the cloud that gave birth to the spout. Evidently it was still in labor, as great funnel-shaped pieces of cloud would drop half way to the earth to be instantly sucked back again. From another point another funnel dropped down. The spout of this funnel grew longer and longer; then, as though imbued with life, describing great cir-cles, it reached down toward the earth. The surface of the earth, thus mesmerized by the hand of nature, gradually responded. The surface air directly under the forming spout cireled round faster and faster, forming a black dust cloud that rose high in the air. The spout of the cloud funnel continued its manipulations until the dust cloud on the earth, no longer able to withstand the wooing, assumed the shape of an inverted funnel, with a long spout swaying wildly upward. The rapid rotary motion of the dust and cloud portions of the forming waterspout became intensified. The long flexible trunks circled round and round, apparently searching for each other. They approached, and with a rush joined. The sand cloud of the earth was drawn rapidly up. The whirling continued faster, ever faster. The waterspout lost the funnel shape, and looked like an exaggerated sugar loaf, such as used to hang on nails in grocers' stores. Fully formed, it moved down the valley of the Smoky Hill River. I sat in my wagon and watched three of these engines of desolation form and start on their march. Then I thought it time to go home, and went. Calling to my men as I passed, I bade them get the horses under cover.

By this time the southeast wind had lulled.

I saw a dark, dense cloud rise from the northwestern horizon and shoot rapidly up toward the zenith. It came sweeping onward, with a flerce battery served by the hands of na-ture at its head. The surface of its edge was gridironed by bars of lightning. The roll of the thunder was a loud and steady roar. This cloud, as the sun played on it for an instant, I saw had a pinkish tinge and I at once feared hail. The thunder and lightning almost ceased, but the cloud still came on with great velocity. Leaning against my barn I caught the first faint puffs of the north wind; then a gust; then the strong cold wind blow flercely. I heard a noise as of great winds blowing through a forest; louder, louder, then harsh and discordent—" the hall grinding together as it falls," I thought. A few seconds then harsh and discordant—" the hall grinding together as it falls," I thought. A few seconds passed and the advance of the hall was on me, Large irregular pieces of fee, driven by a strong wind, fell faster and faster, and in less time than it takes to tell it, my whoat fields that had been waving in billows in the wind were ground into the earth, ruined, utterly ruined. The work of a year was lost in an instant.

We have many waterspouts in Kanaas. Drifting rapidly before the fierce storm winds of the plains, the waterspout advances. The rotary motion constantly increasing in strength, the power of suction increases. The work of destruction begins. Houses, barns, fences, wagons, harvesting machinery, tools, are torn to pieces, and the suction, combined with the rotary motion, causes them to mount upward in the spout. The rubbish of the prairio that lies in the path of this destructive engine rises up and adds to the destructive in a form of sand, sticks, remnants of houses, heads of grain, bits of haystacks, cornstalks, with now and then an animal or man, ridling in a dry waterspout; not mounting to heaven in a fiery charlot like Ellish, but ridling to ofernity in a tornado. Every thing in its path, animal or created by man, disappears, annihilated as far as form is concerned. The course of a waisrspout can be followed with the eye, as the charge of McDonad's column at Wagram was, by the dead, the wounded, and the ruin that encumbers its path, alines I have lived in Kansas I have known of

invitations to my neighbors to attend a "scratching bee' to be held at my house at 8 o'cicek P. M. My wife, raised in a proper town among the mountains of western Pennsylvania, declared that this was not a decent scheme, and positively refused to serve supper for my proposed guests. Sorrowfully I gave up the plan; but afterward as the liggers bit me, as they burrowed into and under my skin, I was inclined to look at her with an evil eye. Orlie, when taking to Hip—that unfortunate who was raised by hand, whose brains were muddled by wickedly devised sums concerning the multiplication and subdivision of the silver coins of the realm—frequently said. I will be jiggered. In my innovence I used to think he referred to that process in the manipulation of the realed on the Lord to afflict him with "jagers" if his statement were untrue—thus lavining the most direful calamity known to man. What is good for a jigger bite? Nothing, You can cut the piece out at once, or you can, if this herolo treatment is not suited to your constitution—and it is not to mine—slowly scratch it out, daily digging deeper and deeper. This latter course I prefer, as it distracts the mind from the state of one's crops.

The men of middle and western Kansas are becoming fatalists, and they don't know, or "I don't care." The work is done as if under protest. There is no mirth among these people. They simply strive to live. Debt has no terrors for them. They care nothing about the protesting of notes. They care nothing about the protesting of motes, they care nothing about the protesting of motes. They care nothing about the forcelosing of mortgages. They see nothing about the protesting of motes. They are nothing about the protesting of motes. They were nothing about the protesting of motes of mortgage in the a

I paid the machine notes. This year I hope to pay the mortrage, and I shall quit working, as next year I would have to buy new harvesting machinery. I see no use in working hard in the het sun to pay for short-lived machinery, or to pay eighteen per cent interest on some Yankee's money. I can hunt, fish, and, when work is offered. I can work by the Jay, and earn enough money to keep me in groceries; or I can do without them." Any one taking up a handful of Kansas wheat can safely say that over every grain anxious or despondent words have been uttered by some farmer on the hot, wind-sweet plains of the State.

It is among a people whose temper is made savage, and life burdensone, by living under the conditions above related, or conditions nearly like them, that the lightning rod men boldly travel. It gives me great pleasure to relate the 25th of one of these men. This wretch had tempted the wrath of humanity so often that he was considered onth and boot proof. He was considered on the health of the power of the proof of the proof

FRANK WILKESON.

From Appleans' Journal. She was the laxiest little woman That ever set a morial crasy; Twas marvellous how my erring spirit Could be subdued to one so laxy. To monosyllable a scholated, To use all else exceeding loath, asked which of two things she preferred, She only murmured. "Both its layer and the preferred and the pre It is no paradox to say so Her every movement was repose; As on a summer day the ocean. Shumbers, the while it ebbs and flows Yet was there latent fire, her nature. That of the isanthor, not the sloth. I saked her once which she re-sembled, the only murmured. " Both ("Both ("Both)") More only minutes. South Matching the graces of her used.
Matching the graces of her used.
Matching the graces of her used.
A keen perception, tasks refused.
A keen perception, tasks refused.
But when I challenged her to belt me.
What I know not myself in troth.
Whether hep wit or beauty charmed me,
she only hummured, "Both"

Provoked at last at never hitting
This lets; little woman's point.
I control har armor, and discovered
that y therein one enough joint.
They therein one enough joint.
They word was tilled as an oath.
Spall love or friendaling he between as the manied, and muratured. Both the

THE NEW THRATES.

Playbours Fit for the Pleasure of Sov-

It does not require an expert theatre goer nor a dramatic critic to understand and appre-ciate, in port at least, what has been accomplished by the mind that conceived and exe-cuted the design of the Medison Square Theatre in Twenty-fourth street. Every news paper has printed a description of this unique playhouse. Everybody interested in theatrical matters knows that it has a double stage, a baleony overhanging the proscenium for the orchestra; that it is ventilated as no other theatre, perhaps no other building in the world is; that its doors and windows are of solid ma-hogany and its seats upholstered with silk tapestries; that it has the most costly drop our tains, draperies, furniture, and appointments that have ever been placed in a theatre in this country, if not in any country; that its ceiling is closed in plate glass boxes that have separate flues running up through the roof to carry off the heat and consumed air, and that every de-tail of the interior decorations and furniture are so magnificent and artistic as to imply tha the builders were utterly regardless of the ex-

correct tasted demanded outlet. But after all that has been written or said it is impossible for any one to content and that has been done without having, besides seelegt the play from the provided without having, besides seelegt the play from the the play fro

THE CAPSAINS FIDDLERS.

Grant Excitement to the Streets and He

"The weather is fine. Let us get the sailboat and go to Rockaway for fiddlers. Tomorrow we'll try the Monument."

This proposition was made to a party of fish-ermen in a lager beer saloon at Stapleton, S. L. by a stout old fellow whom they called the "Cap-tain." It was immediately agreed to, and in a few moments afterward the party were off for Rockaway with a fair wind.

"Fiddler" is the term given by fishermen to a curious species of small crab which is used for bait. The name is probably derived from the sawing motion of the creature's claws which are sometimes much larger than its body. Anybody who sees fiddlers for the first time is apt

to be puzzled.

In the afternoon the party returned with a barrelful of fidders, and repaired at once to the lager beer saloon to make arrangements for the following day's sport. They remained a little too long in that saloon. When they got a little too long in that saloon. When they got tired singing and enjoying themselves they parted, agreeing to meet early next morning. The Captain took up his barrel and started down the street toward the Post office, while his companions went in another direction. Although he had plenty of ballast, the deck load of fiddlers proved too much for him. It was impossible for him to keep on his course. He had to taok. With a long leg and a short leg he managed to get near the Post Office, but in endeavoring to come to windward of the handle of the town pump he was capsized. Down came that barrel with a tremendous crash, and before the Captain was righted again all the fiddlers had started down the street, squaring out with their claws to all peaceably disposed persons. People gazed at them in blank amazement, as if they thought that a plague had come upon the town. Into stores, cellars, and hallwars the invaders charged. They were vigorously attacked by some intrepid housekeepers, armed with brooms and shovels. Some of the Stapleton wags chased and managed to catch quite a number of them. They brought them to asaloon where a village magnate was asleep in his chair. One of the wags put a handful of the uneasy creatures into the official's pocket, and then woke him up and invited him to take a drink. The invitation was eagerly accepted: but just as the drink was about to be disposed of the agitators in the man's pocket made themselves felt. He drew out a handful and disquat. "What's the maiter?" was asked. "The matter!" replied the official. "Don't you see them things?" Them things on the floor." Ah, you've got the jim-jams, man; there's nothing on the floor has for implication and in the store with a can for boser. Seeing the fiddlers travelling about, she said her garden was full of them, and that each one carried two pairs of scissors to out the stakes off her potatoes.

Early next morning the Captain got up, and remembering his capsize and the lose of his carro, bearn to run down sohoeners out of pure cussedness. tired singing and enjoying themselves they parted, agreeing to meet early next morning.

RESCUED FROM BRIGANDS.

The Authorities Refusing to Honor the Promise of the Captive's Friend.

A short time ago the cable brought tidings of the capture of the Marquis Martucci by some brigands in the historic province of Calabria. The seizure, made in broad daylight, at the gate of the city of Rossano, filled the hearts of the people of that neighborhood with grave fears for their personal safety. The character of the brigands was such as to warrant the most ominous forecastings with respect to the future of the Marquis. The Government hesitated about taking decided measures, fearing to damage rather than Improve the condition of the cap-

tured nobleman.
Giulio Acquaviva, Count of Conversano, and son of the Senator Duke of Atri, was spending son of the Senator Duke of Arri, was spending a few days with some relatives at Rossano. He is an intimate friend of the Marquis, and was grantly most at the first of the Marquis, and was grantly most at the first of the market was exposed. He presented himself to the military and civil authority, begged them to stop their investigations, and declared that he would himself assume the task of restoring the Marquis to his family. The Count of Conversano was by these officials referred to the Minister of the Interior, who readily consented to the scheme, provided that the young man would act in keeping with the wishes of the Martucei family. The Count immediately started for the forests about Rossano, although the weather was inclement enough to intimidiate the hardiest. After two days' search, he succeeded in discovering the whereabouts of the brigands. He beidly approached them, and, by appeals to their better feelings, contrived to persuadathem to surrender their noble prisoner without ransom, and only by promising that he would obtain for them two days' grace within which to leave the province. The young Count immediately endeavored to keep his word with the brigands, but the representatives of the Government considered themselves unauthorized to grant such immunity. The Minister of the Interior was again asked to interfer, and a telegram was despatched in reply to the Count, stating that after the services he had rendered he had unquestionably the right to behold his engagement fulfilled. The representatives of the Government of inally granted the promised privilege to the brigands, and the Count of Conversano again started in search of them, and delivered to them the official assurance of two days' freedom from outlawry.

In good faith the brigands presented themselves to the commander of the police, when the whole tribe, much to their chagrin, were put under arrest. The Count of Conversano fruit-lessiy protested against this dishonoring of the government promise, and the Prefect of the province coolly repli a few days with some relatives at Rossano. He is an intimate friend of the Marquis, and was

The Story of a Farmer's Daughter who was

WEST HOOSIC, N. Y., Feb. 13 .- Twenty years ago John Case was a prosperous farmer in this town. There was a feud between him and his father-in-law. One night the latter's barn was burned. It was plainly the work of an incendiary. Strong evidence that the sonin-law had fired the barn was discovered. He was convicted of the crime, and sentenced to twenty years in the State prison. All his fam-ily deserted him in his trouble except his daughter, aged 16, who was then attending school at Poughkeepsie. She clung to bim, school at Poughkeepsie. She clung to bim, and enlisted the sympathy of influential men, who procured a partion for her father. The girl had a lover who enlisted in the army in the first year of the war. He was wounded in 1863. When the news reached Miss Case she entraited her father to let her yo to the hospital where her lover was and nurse him. Her father refused. Soon afterward the death of the young man was reported. The news destricted Miss Case of her reason. She has been insame ever since. Her mother filed some years ago. Recently her father died. He willed his farm, a valuable one, to George Russell, who had worked for him for many years. To a man named Abram Femington he left \$6.000 in money. His will provide that his insame daughter shall I se boarded by Russell during her life, and the Henlington shall keep her in clothing. The relatives of Case declare that he was influenced in making the will by his two logatees. The y have contested the will.

A Sad Calamity. From the Kaness City Times. Drawned in the mud—
With eager feet.

Bhe skipped across the treacherous street.
And as she skipped
Sha tripped
And slipped
An "Drowned in the mud!" Browned in the mud!"
The thrilling cry
Bang is the cars of the passers by:
They saw her stop
And drop
And drop
Lute the recting, surging rush
Of stush;
They saw her mingle her crimson blood
With the baleful brown of the mud, the mud. "Drawned in the mud!"
O maillen gay
Tripping across the street to-day.
Heware your grip—
Taill trip
And slut like a leaden plumined down
To drawn.

Deep in the depths of the murky flood. The hapless prey of the mud, the mud.

LIFE IN THE ANIMAL WORLD. Queer Stories Told About Bensts, Birds, Inc

A maggio worried a tend into a hole made for a fence post, and then gathered probles and stoned it. A Reffalo musician, Geo. Benzino, has a canary hird that initiates the innertrawn notes and assoniates resistorial with his sweet melody. A heartle was frond in the centre of a loaf of bread. In five minutes it began to crawl around, none the ward for its marness to cremation. for its marness to cremation.

Joseph Chapman of Gedos, N. T., his wife and daughter, were warised by a cat that the house was an fro-They had barely time to escape in their night clothes.

A four months old dog in Lexington, Ky, when any one sings or whisties, sits upon his haunches, elevates his local, should his provide to the notes of the music.

A singing mouse is the wandering minatrel in the house of Joshua Griffin of Jackson, Mich. It is seen in different closets, and siways mounts an overturned dish or other closets, and siways mounts an overturned dish or other sight eminence before it begins to sing.

Washington, D. C., has a pig that insist upon living is the kitchen of its owner. It wallows in the unit as deep as my pig, but plunges into a brook near by to cleaned itself before asking admission to the house.

A hear-drinking donkeys to one of the attractions of an indianapolis, Ind., harroom. The animal never drinks water, but will drink anything kent at the bar. The initial heart his lived in a browery most of her life.

Dick is the name of a rooter that has great affection of a Rootester doe, which feeling is reciprocated. Back perches on the back of Sandy while he is straighted between two chairs, and performs many tricks.

In a Penneylvania barnyard a gander was having fine fon flamping his wines in the face of a steer, when the steer got him into a corner and coaked his goose will one thrust of his horis, pinning him to the fence.

A canary bird, in her weather, was trying to hatch such excess the drooped, and the male bird pinned into the burded her head in his breast and was refrashed.

A cat that had been esized by an eagle, in Scotland and

other buried her head in his breast and was refrashed. A cat that had been seized by an earle, in facetisnia, and carried to the neat of the hird, fedgued death, and was left, by the eagle with her young ones. As soon as the eagle was gone, the eat killed all the eaglets, and, antisfying her appetite, disappeared.

A parrid died of a broken heart in Rallston Spa. After their been twenty five wears in a family its owner went to Mignesota. The bird soon missed him, and its only organs. "Where is don't it at a nothing, and continued its call upon it fell exhausted.

David S. Forney of Virginis has a dog that saw a mag take his master's pockethouk and go away with it. Hood being allowed out doors, the dog went to the place where it was hid, took it from the top of a high fence, and brought it to his master, laying it in his hand. On the doorstep of a house in San Francisco a dog format a pireher that had just been filled by a milkman. He put his mose into the pircher and drank still is tupered the bottom. He was about to withdraw his head, but the pitcher would not come off till it was broken.

A Nevada cat crushed a bee on the base of the hive. Bees by the score darted into Tabby's lur; and she spit, but, and clawed herself, and rolled in the grank. He made at length hadded sway with a garden rate. She made at length hadded sway with a garden rate. She made never be induced afterward to go within sight of the hive.

at length handed away with a garden rake. She could never be induced afterward to go within sight of the hive. A ship crossing the equator recently was stopped by felly fish. It was I o'clock at night, and thousands of she floated on the water. The condensers not so stepped up that water could not enter. They then become so he that water could not enter. They then become so he that steaming had to be stopped altogether and the stratuers taken off and cleared. A delay of sive hours was occasioned.

A horse in Paris remained a quiet spectator of a factor into the contract of the stratuers taken of and cleared. A delay of sive hours was occasioned.

A horse in Paris remained a quiet spectator of a factor into the contract was being defeated, when the horse scientific the other man by the cost and lifted him off. The owner of the horse again went to the stark and was gailing worsted, when the animal repeated his act, and some future time.

An eccentric cat of Brattlebero, Vt., brought a rat to her kiltens, but prevented their killing it, adopted it her self, and brought tup. By some accident they became separated for four months, when the cat again seein it syring for it, but is said to have instantly recognized it, and brinding up her kittens, then full grown, enjoyed an old-time frolte.

In the great pigeon roosts of Scott County, Indiana, the dimber on thousands of scress is broken down. Throughout the entire night the cracking and crushing of limbs out the entire night the cracking and crushing of limbs out the entire night the cracking and crushing of limbs out the entire night the cracking and crushing of limbs out the entire night the cracking and crushing of limbs out the entire night the cracking and crushing of limbs out the entire night the cracking and crushing of limbs out the entire night the cracking and crushing of limbs out the entire night the cracking and crushing of limbs out the entire night the cracking and crushing of limbs out the entire night the saw and water and the explanation of firearm

The Norwesian lemmings are about the size of a mona-They live under the snow in winter, and migrate is large armies once in ten years. They march in a straight time and permit nothing to siter their course, going throug-swamps, hay stacks, and other obstacles. If attacked, they hark and bits like theys Their enemies are foxes, awd hawks, and wessels. When on the march, they continue their course until they reach the sea, into which the plunge and are drowned.

plungs and are drowned.

A little girl travelling on a New York Central train in pains ear was over, come with confusion at the antics of a parrot. The cage was bung up in the ear and the bir siently watched like entering passengers and preserves a cain dignity until the train started on its northware fourney. The rating motion soon stirred Polis tengral into like, however, and the crowling of a rooster, becaking of a hen, and the mewing of a cat suitement the true for some distance. A little girl thinking the bird too melsy, finally put a paper over the cage, and the darkened parrot preserved an ominous silence, which was subdeals broken by the exclaimation in situes he man tonics. "Whos, hos, 6-d d-n you, whos, hos!"

Henry N. Collins, 14 years of age, of Voluntown, Coun-At Lengmendow, Mass, three boys were drowned in the Connecticut River while skating on Saturday. Edward Kelly. 10 years of age, was drowned at Syracuse on Friday while playing on the ice of the canal. Sanc J. Dodd of Athol. Mass. while coasting was struck by a "double runner" and injured so he will dis. While coasting on Citadel Hill, Nova Scotts, two young men struck a barbed wire fence. The season is closed for them. tor thein.

Emmet Baxter of Exton Rapids, Mich., went fishing on Narrow Lake, through the loc. He caught a big string of fish, but lost his life.

Sarrow Lake, through the loss. He caught a big string of tan, but lost his life.

"I have been been a common a peddler's sleich the Bills libital. New York, lost his life.

Johnnie Gleason's side down hill brought him under the heels of a passing horse, and the liext sewing done is his home was by a surecon on Johnnie's forchead.

The 5-year-old son of a Mr. Lucas of Deering, Me., while riding on a side loaded with sand, fail off, and the sleed, A Camda belle, Miss Magonta Brodie, went through the los into ten feet of water, and W. C. Alexander jumped in and saved her, bur ruined his broadchish.

The six-year-old daughter of Alex, Stewart, London, chanda, while heing drawn on a side by a bog, was thrown under the wheels of a baker's wagon and killed. It is meanly three weeks since Frank Swarthant of It is mearly three weeks since Frank Swarthest of Wavne village, N. Y., want out on the ice on Little Lake with his skates and an axe. He is supposed to have James Abern was attempting to climb Prospect Moun-tain. Nevada, when his toot slipped, and he went shoot ing down the mountain, 230 feet. He

but will recover.

Byrained wrists, barked shins, and peeled noses are plentitul among the young-ters of Massachusetts. The G. Syrained wrists, barked shins, and peeled noses are plentitul among the young-ters of Massachusetts. The G. Syrar-old son of Joseph Morands of Saunderville had his skullfractured while ceasiing.

Clark Blackburn, Patrick Haves, and Harvey Donnetson, boys, fell through the ice in Union Park pond, chiteage, and wrev rescued after nearly drowning a Mr. Shaw, who had gone to their aid.

Mr. Deveroaux of Casaville, N. Y. saw her three children break through the ice of a mill pond. Unable tassist them, the mother was frantic, but they were all rescued, although in an unconscious condition.

A Hartford, Conn., mother, without thinking of danced to herself, hastened to the rose of her two children who were flaundering in the river, having broken through the ice. Nas and her little son were drowned.

John Callahan and John Grady, each 11 years old, Wilsiam Mctaring and Thomas Canungham, each 13 year old, and all of Thompsonville, Conn., were drowned in the Connecticut River, near Percowsic. Three of them were skating, and, broaking through the ice, the other went to their relief.

Unlucky Hunters.

Hiram Kingman of Rehoboth, Mass. reised his gun to shoot a partridge. His friend Charley West caught the charge in his forebead, and his wife and two children are new without a protector.

An upturned beat with two dogs floating on it was all that was found of a hunting party of five men from Galveston, Texas. veston, 12xas.

Brig. Gen. Crook, while out hunting near Schnyler,
Neb., lost his way, and almost troze to death.

Neb., lost his way, and almost froze to death.

Martin Andrews, 18 years old, of Craig township, Ind., stopped to task with a neighbor, brongth ins gut to an order arms with such force that it went off, and so did Martin's nose and cheek. He also lost an eye.

The son and namesake of Senator Wade Hampton of South Carolina, contrasted a disease that resulted in his death a few days ago, while deer hunting in Mississips, and a deer hunt was the ordesion of the accident which necessitated the lost of one of the Senator's legs.

William Ray of Fort Smith took his gan by the end of the berach, and the charge was transferred to his arm.

An Ottawa, Ont., young man named Hamilton work home from a hunt with one leg ton to shread. He was climbing a sence, when the trigger of his gun cashit on a knot.

When they found, the body of David Wakkins of Deca-

a knot.

When they found the body of David Wakkins of Decator, ill. who had gone hunting, one hand was grasping the gan and the other the ramrod, and a full charge of buckshot was in his neck.

Capt. Jacobs was about to shoot a sea suil while one board his schooner, off the mouth of the Chester River, Md., but he shot Henry Schroeder, a seeman.

Md., but he shot Henry Schroeder, a second.
They found the body of John Master, If years old, in a field at Morgantown, Ind., with a hole in hits side. He had gene hunding early in the norming.

Capt. Henry Stines of St. Joseph, Men., pulled toe quick when he caught sight of game, and his son carries the load at shot in the back of his head. the road or shot in the back of his head.

A cripple for life, with the contents of his shot posted is both loss, James A Parker of Liberty, Miss., laments the hunting season.

Jules Williamore of New Memphis, Mo., ended his life while very young by carelessly handling a gun.

Sunday lunting cost William Blodgett of Decatur, Ill., his left hand. Samuel Williams of St. Michaels, Md. 14 years old, pulled his guit from a boat, and now he would say nothing about his lest jaw if he could be assured that he will not lose his life.

JEM MACE IN MELBOURNE.

Why he will not Fight Johnny Dwyer, but will Forgive the Man with a Cork Log.

A Private Letter from the Champion.
VICTORIA RACING CLUE HOTEL, BOUNER STREET, MELSOWSKY, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA, Dec. 1, 1879.
DRAR FRIEND: I was delighted to receive a letter from you, and was also glad to hear that my old friend Johnny Dwyer has been successful in his ontests in the P R I sancerely hope he will always be success-ful, for he is a young man I admire very much, and alin the F. R. I sincerely hope he will always be successful, for he is a young man I admire very much, and always did. With regard to my fighting him, though I am well and hearly, he is the very last man I should think of. I have something better in hand than scrapping. I have the best sporting hotel in Melbourne, and am in a fair way of making a fortune but if I way not it has the way of making a fortune but if I way not it has the man and a min a fair way of making a fortune but if I way not it has the said to be successful to the said to be successful. I have not to remote a man in the said to the said to be successful. I have so the said to the said better that book forward to and hope to obtain myself. I hope to join you and them all over a good bottle of Cliquot. Rodler, or Moeta. There is plenty of gambling, raving, and other sports here, which I find more profitable than scrapping, so you will assily understand that there is no chance of accommodating my american friends.

If you fall across Mr. M.— who used to deal at fare, and who has a cork leg be se good as to ask him to send my fare but, and leint it to Mr. M.— in this country the look it with him to New York. Him, and as we have left a think, you will be of the said and as we have limited him much as he had to get any said-cuty. Don't resident to mention me to my old rivally dissist. Her forget to write to me at your carliest convenience, with all news of yourself, 40. Youre, vary firely.